

MORNING IN SUMMER.

How soft and sweet the light winds blow
From off the hill-sides and the sea.
How soft you brook sings in its flow
In rippling, rhythmic melody.
A subtle fragrance fills the air
As gently away the tall tree-tops,
And fills each sweet with melody rare,
As like a shower it downward drops.

From out each copse and leafy bow
There comes the twitter of young birds
In cozy chatter as they cower
Within their nest which safe engirds.
The robin runs close to my feet
With saucy look and movement spry,
Then mounts on wing, and singing sweet,
Pours out his notes of song on high.

From tree to tree and over fields
The dainty oriole flashes bright,
And through the space come merry peals
Of song as from some fairy sprite.
The rippling brook and rustling trees,
The hum of insects on the air,
The song of birds and drone of bees,
All form a symphony most rare.

The sun-tint golden buttercup,
The daisy and sweet clover bloom,
From 'mong the tangled grass look up,
And laze the air with sweet perfume.
There's life and sweetness everywhere
That wakes the heart to tuneful songs,
And lifts it up, above all care,
To him to whom all praise belongs.

—William G. Haeselbarth, in Christian Work.



[Copyright, 1906, by D. Appleton & Co.
All rights reserved.]

SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, who reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a ship-master, is shipped as second mate on the *Industry*, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by this *Industry's* guns. In the fray Capt. Houthwick and one of the crew are killed. After a consultation below Mr. Tym and the mate return to the deck.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

They first devoted their attention for a brief space to the Dutchman, who was still by little things falling behind, though he had at last set some manner of fore toposail, and continued doggedly to follow us, and when this scrutiny was ended they walked over to where I was standing.

"Well, Master Ardick," began Mr. Tym, "doubtless you and the crew would by this time relish some information as to the future business of the voyage. Master Sellinger and I have taken counsel together, and think, please God, to go presently on with it. We shall stand forth with into Sidmouth, where we hope to procure a first mate, which done, with Master Sellinger raised to be captain, we shall straightway fetch our course again for Havana."

Of course my opinion was not sought, but merely my curiosity was vouchsafed to be satisfied, so I only bowed, and said that the decision would please the fore-castle, as it did me, and with that I withdrew and went forward.

After a time the *Industry's* course was changed, and she was laid with her nose almost due north, and this she held as the Devonshire coast gradually rose and cut a clearer outline. By this time poor Hans Butterbox had become discouraged and given up the chase.

I was beginning to be surprised that nothing had been done touching the disposal of the bodies of the captain and Dingsby, which were still extended on the quarter-deck, covered with the tarpaulins, but I was now to understand the reason of the delay and apparent neglect. Master—or I must now say Captain—Sellinger presently came to the confines of the quarter-deck, and, having called us before him, told us that it was Capt. Houthwick's oft-expressed desire to be buried in the sea, which desire, he said, he had determined to comply with. As Dingsby was an old sailor, and was not known to have any family, it was the opinion of Mr. Tym and himself that it would be well and fitting to let his body accompany his old captain's. No one raised any opposition to this, or indeed struck in with a word, and so the sea burial for both the brave mariners was settled upon. We sewed the two bodies up in their canvas shrouds, heavy weights were placed at their feet, and they were balanced on planks across the bulwark. All uncovered, and Mr. Tym read a prayer. As a rough voice or two joined in the amen, Capt. Sellinger gave the signal and the bodies were shot into the water. The splashing they made was lost in the racing of the next sea, and we solemnly drew in the bare planks and the doleful business was over.

We ran into Sidmouth without trouble or delay, and when the anchor was cast Capt. Sellinger ordered the gig, and was pulled ashore. He did not return till morning, and then fetched with him a stranger, whom he presently declared to us as the new mate. I immediately fell into some wonderment at the looks of this man. He was tall—taller by an inch than I—round-backed, gaunt, and marvellously old looking in the face, though he could not have been above five-and-thirty. His hair was jet black and coarse, and there was scarce a thread of gray in it, despite that his countenance was so worn.

I could hardly conceive why Capt. Sellinger should choose such a man, for it seemed to me that he must be harsh and of an ill temper, which the captain was not, and had never seemed to approve of. It soon came out that the port was almost bare of good seamen, as some were gone in the new fleet (of the king's), and others had shipped in the many vessels bound for America, so that a choice of mates, as the case stood, must needs be passing narrow.

We soon made sail, and after a time

worked out from the coast and fetched our bows once more to the west. We kept a sharp lookout for suspicious craft, but saw no signs of any, and at last began to think that our bad luck was over, and that we might now be speeded by good fortune, having begun so ill.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE MOVING TALK OF THE YOUNG SAILOR AND THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF AN OLD ONE.

In reasonable time we cleared the channel and began to climb the long Atlantic swells. We saw nothing more of the Dutchman and little apprehended any further alarms from him, as he must by this time have consulted prudence and taken himself out of these waters. We had repaired the little damage he had done to our spars and rigging, and thus, as we finally made the open sea, we seemed in good case to go blithely on with the voyage.

Several days now passed, during which we had favorable winds, and the *Industry* made very good progress. One morning, being sent on some matter to the hold, I heard running about and shouting on deck, and on calling up to learn the cause was told that a large ship was in sight.

"She's a fast craft—by the way we are raising her," said the fellow who was speaking, "and the captain is in a hurry to bring her into his glass. He is half way up the weather shroud, a-gogging away as though for his life."

I dropped what I was doing and climbed hastily out of the hatch. I was up the main shrouds at once, the captain and Master Pradey being in the fore, and when I had well cleared the deck I stopped and took a long look.

The stranger was in the southwestern seaboard, huddled down and with only his topsails and the upper part of his courses showing, and at the moment was standing on the starboard tack. This brought him well forward of our lee beam, as we were on the larboard tack and headed somewhat south of southwest. He was rising rapidly, as his swift whitening and enlarging showed, and at this rate would be hulled up and distinct in the course of a few minutes.

Of a sudden the captain lowered his glass and said something to the mate. I did not catch what it was, but Master Pradey gave a nod, as though of satisfaction, and at once swung down to the deck.

"Run up the colors!" he shouted, flourishing back the knot of men who presently drew about him.

A sailor sprang away and in a few seconds the flag was mounting aloft. While this was doing I saw Mr. Tym descend from the mizen rigging, his telescope strapped on his back, and guessed from his easy mien that he, too, was satisfied with the looks of the stranger.

After a little Capt. Sellinger shut up his glass and descended to the deck, and upon spying me called me to him and ordered me to put the *Industry* in a posture for defense. "Yon ship flies the English flag," he said, "but she may be an enemy for all that, and we will not be caught napping."

She drew gradually nearer, and soon with the naked eye we could make out the design upon her flag. It was St. George's Cross, as we had suspected, and, moreover, we could now read English build and rig in a score of little peculiarities, discernible at least to a sailor's eye. She was a handsome craft, not too narrow in the beam, yet shapely, and with a perfect cloud of white, well-fitted canvas on her tall spars.

When we were less than half a mile apart the stranger began to luff, edging along only with a small way, and so crept within a quarter of a mile, when he clewed up some of his sails, and came squarely into the wind. The two ships now lay head and head, rising and falling gently with the swell. Our captain took his trumpet, and a tall, dark-bearded man coming to the rail of the other ship, also with a trumpet, the hailing began.

"Ship ahoy!" bellowed the other captain. "What ship is that?"

"The *Industry*, Sellinger master," returned our skipper.

"Where bound?" came from the other trumpet.

"Havana."

"This is the Happy Bess, Capt. Torreyborn," announced the skipper of the other ship after a little pause. "We are from New York for London. Will you take a letter for us?"

"Aye, aye!" bellowed our captain back.

At once there was a stir on the deck of the other ship, and in a few moments a boat dangled down from the davits, the captain and two sailors in her, and dropped with a neat splash into the water.

"Put over the gangway ladder," said Capt. Sellinger; which we did, and the other captain was soon with us.

After passing a word or two of the usual sort—that is, concerning their respective ships, ports and so on—they came to the business in hand, and Capt. Torreyborn produced his letter.

"It is for Mr. Jeremiah Hope, of Havana," he said, "a gentleman that you very likely know. By some going astray it was put aboard my ship, and but for you must have taken a long tack before it was delivered."

"I will cheerfully relieve you of it," answered Capt. Sellinger. "I do not know Mr. Hope, but have heard of him, and understand that he is a gentleman of worth and consequence. But step into my cabin now, and let us have a drop, as we say, to sweeten the bilge. After that we will go into matters more at large."

Before Capt. Sellinger closed the door he ordered me to summon Master Pradey, who was on the after part of the poop, and likewise to have aboard the two sailors, that were till now keeping the gig. I ventured to ask if

we might not, for the ship's sake, broach a cask of ale, and was kindly answered in the affirmative; whereupon I hastened to execute both commands.

Master Pradey was never a sociable man, but I suppose he conceived that the captain's wish was well enough to regard; wherefore, with a cold nod to me, he repaired to the cabin.

I made known the captain's good nature to the men, by whom it was received with great favor, and they were not slow in having the two tars out of the boat. Then, having fetched up the ale, all proceeded to set off their pipes and gather round for the news. I took my own stand near by, a bit outside the circle, but within hearing. Both the visitors—judged at a glance—were ordinary English sailors, brown, bluff and sturdy, with jaw tackle doubtless on an easy run, once the bowl had passed. They gave us a brief account of their ship, growled over the provisions, which, it seems, were of a particularly wretched sort, and in turn fell to questioning us. We gave them the home news, and added some spice at the end by an account of our brush with the Dutchman. This brought out a lively round of talk, the purport of which was that the Dutch had wondrous assurance, but for a fair fight, with even metal, were naught beside the English. When this had passed some one brought up the doings of our ships abroad, and notably in piratical waters, and from here we naturally fell to talking of the buccaneers.

"Nay, mates," said the younger of the two sailors, "I think I can say a word here that shall put a little tingle into your blood. I trow every jack of you has heard of Henry Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," cried near all our fellows together. "The great freebooter," added several.

"Belay, there, mates, and hear me," said the sailor, flourishing his pipe for silence. "Hast heard what Capt. Morgan is now about?"

"No, no!" cried the crew.

"Well, mates, it is the greatest thing conceived by English sailors since the days of Drake. Naught less than the taking of Panama!"

Our men broke out in a hearty note of applause.

"Stay a moment," I struck in at this point, and speaking with a disapprov-



He thrust a bit of paper into my hand.

ing air. "I think but little of this news of yours. What have the Spaniards done to us that we should deal with them in such a fashion? To my thinking it is no better than rank piracy."

"Yet it has the warrant of the king, else report is a liar," said the sailor, briskly.

"Nay," said I, coldly, "I must needs have proof of that. I cannot think his majesty would consent to such ill-doing. Besides, England and Spain are at peace, and this would surely involve them in war."

"Well, Master Ardick, you take me out of soundings there," said the sailor, with a laugh. "I must stick to my facts—for facts I still think they be—and let such deep matters go."

"Nay, nay," said I, uneasily, for now I began to fear the influence of such talk on the men; "this is all an ill business. Morgan and his fellows are but pirates, letters of commission or no, and it will be a wonder if they do not end their days on the gallows, which at least they deserve!"

But here some grumbling arose from our fellows. "Vast, Master Ardick; brace not so sharp up," said one. "A commission from the king is deep water enough for me," said a second. "Who would be nice of a Spaniard?" said a third. And so the murmur went around.

"Nay, then, listen an' you will," I said, with some disgust. "Little good will it do you, unless you mean to join Morgan yourselves, and that, I conceive, you can scarce do at present."

With this I withdrew a bit into the background, yet not so far, I must admit, but I could hear the further talk.

"Panama taker," pursued the sailor, who was now quite at his ease, and flourished his pipe in an important style, "there will be some small jollity for poor Jack. Not less than a month in the city, I will be bound, and no man overhauled for steering his own course! You shall conceive me, mates, what that may mean! Rare women, I am told, there be in Panama, and not least a considerable nunnery. Besides, there are the old wines and the noble pieces of eight."

Our foolish fellows must break out again in applause.

By this time I had fully resolved that the fellow was but a windy fore-castle orator and harmless of himself, so he did not lead away men of weaker understanding. Our crew continued to question him, and he related more doings of Morgan, and so they went on till the matter was, as I conceived, talked out. We had a little discourse of other things, and presently the two

captains came up from below, and our visitors knocked the ashes from their pipes and hid them to their boat. The other captain gone, we got the cloths upon the ship, and shortly she was drawing away on her course.

Matters on the *Industry* now went on as before, and, except that we had more Morgan talk and a little mooning and sighing from some of the men, there was nothing to disturb the former monotony.

One evening, being newly come out to take charge of my watch, I lighted my pipe and sauntered off leisurely to the poop, meaning to take a look at our course. I had proceeded as far as the ladder, and I think even had one foot upon it, when I heard my name sharply yet stealthily called. I halted, in some surprise, and found that the speaker was old Jack Lewson.

"St! Master Ardick," he said, shuffling up hurriedly. "Belay jaw tackle and stow this away. Overhaul it when nobody is looking."

He thrust a bit of paper into my hand and slipped away.

What could be in the wind?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW STORMS ARE RECORDED.

A Scale of Figures Which Were Devised for That Purpose by the Late Admiral Beaufort.

It requires a life-long familiarity with the perils of the sea to become as philosophical as Barney Buntline, who, as the old song has it, remarked to his shipmate, Billy Bowline:

"A stiff nor'easter's blowin', Bill, Hark! don't you hear it roar? Lor', how I pities them poor folks 'Wot's got to live on shore!"

and who, while the storm raged and the seas were mountains rolling, took great comfort in the fact that he was on board a tight little craft, all reefed down snug, and was in no danger from the falling tiles and chimney-pots that threatened the luckless wights abroad in the storm on land.

But it is no joke to be overtaken by one of those terrible hurricanes that, every summer and autumn, sweep over the North Atlantic ocean; and while it may be pleasant afterward to relate thrilling stories by one's fireside of "fearful nights at sea," yet, at the time, the narrator would no doubt have gladly foregone the future pleasure to have been safely out of the present danger.

These dreadful disturbances that are variously known as "hurricanes" in the North Atlantic, "cyclones" in the Indian ocean, and "typhoons" in the China seas, are all of the same general character, and equally dreaded by Jack, no matter what they are called.

In old days, sailors described the wind, in their logs, as a breeze, a gale, or a hurricane; but the late Admiral Beaufort, royal navy, devised a much more definite, though very simple, system of record, which is now universally used at sea. This scale runs from 0 (calm) to 12 (hurricane), and the force of the wind is estimated by the amount of sail a vessel can safely carry. It is rough, of course, but it gives a sailor an instant idea of the exact state of things. Here are three or four possible records taken at random: 1 means a very light air—that the ship is barely moving; 5, a good fresh breeze—all sail set; 7, a moderate gale—topsails double-reefed; 12, a hurricane—the ship "under bare poles."—Lieut. Charles M. McCartney, in St. Nicholas.

SHE FOOLED THE COW.

If None of the Visitors Saw Her Though, Who Discovered How She Did It?

It would scarcely be fair to use the young lady's name, but a Madisonville girl had to resort to a heroic method in her efforts to milk the family cow one evening lately.

The cow, a placid, even-tempered Alderney, has one peculiarity—she will let nobody come near her to milk her save the men. On the evening referred to the men happened all to be away, and visitors dropped in, making it necessary that the cow be milked before supper.

The young lady made bold to try the experiment, and sauntered down to the cow lot with her milk pail. All her endeavors, though, were futile. The cow absolutely refused to allow the milkmaid to come near her.

Finally in desperation the determined young lady went back to the house, and after some trouble and exertion that might have combined with her maidenly decorum to call the beautiful color to her cheeks, she reappeared clad in coat and trousers and stiff hat belonging to her brother. Picking up her milk pail she once more essayed to perform the task of milking the perverse bovine, and the success that crowned her efforts was complete.

The visitors, who enjoyed a glass of cold, rich milk little knew the extremity to which the daughter of the household was put, and will only learn of it as they read it now.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Economist Repulsed.

"We ought to keep a regular account of receipts and expenditures," said the practical politician's wife.

"What for?"

"So that you can show just what money you have and how you got it."

"Great Scott! That's just what we're trying not to let on about!"—Washington Star.

Driven to Extremes.

"Did you read about that Iowa preacher who was engaged to 17 girls?"

"Yes; I presume the poor man was trying to keep his choir together 'through the hot weather.'"—Chicago Record.



Getting Even with Him.
"Pooh!" he said, scornfully, speaking of his rival, "one of his ancestors used to be in the employ of mine."
"Yes," sweetly replied the object of the adoration of both. "I have often heard him say he wondered whether you had sufficient interest in your ancestor's honor to pay the back wages still due as a result of that service."—Chicago Post.

"Esme."
A pretty young girl of Duchesne was caught in a Sabbath-day rene.
Her hat was a mess,
And she cried in distress:
"Now wouldn't that give you a pease?"
Her tears her plump cheeks did steam
"I'll buy you another,
Much nicer than 'other!"
And that made her happy again.
—Denver Post.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



The Vicar (Sunday morning).—My good man, don't you hear those beautiful bells calling you to worship your Creator?

Hodge.—What d'ye say, sur?

Vicar.—Don't you hear those beautiful bells calling you to worship your slaker on this beautiful morning?

Hodge.—Can't hear a bit what you be a sayin' of, sur, 'cos of them darned bells makin' such a row.—St. Paul's.

The Summer Girl.

I've found her a most engaging girl.

As you will quite agree,

For she's promised to marry Tom, Dick and Harry.

James, John and Jonas and me.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

All Alike to Him.

Tonsorial Artist—I am using a new kind of shaving soap. Most of the gentlemen that get shaved here say it's the best I've ever had.

Customer.—Well, that's merely a matter of taste.—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Know Them All.

Teacher.—Tommy, what are the four winds?

Tommy.—There is the senate, the house, the prize fighters—an' I don't know the other one.—Indianapolis Journal.

Again.

Now is the season of distress,

When weary mortals here below

Look upward in dismay and guess

How high the mercury will go.

—Washington Star.

AN EXACT SCIENCE.



"I am sure now, you consider me a humbug."

"Really, professor, I shall begin to believe in your science, for I find you can discover a chap's thoughts by his bumps."—Ally Sloper.

Telegraphy.

Across the board she looks at me—

My soul responds obediently;

She is my wife, and with her eye

She tells me there is no more pie.

—Detroit Free Press.

Only a Question of Time.

The Doctor—If you will keep me in clothes, I will treat you for nothing.

The Tailor—But I am never sick.

The Doctor—No, but you will be after we have made the arrangement.—Harlem Life.

Roses and Thorns.

Think of the first spring blossom;

Salute it oft in rhyme,

Even though the first mosquito

Must follow it in time.

—Washington Star.

A Silver Lining.

Consoling Friend (to weeping young widow)—This is a terrible affliction, but it might have been much worse.

Widow.—Yes; the loss is covered by insurance.—N. Y. World.

Genuine Appreciation.

Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular with the children)—Oh, I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much.—Tit-Bits.

Over 2,000 years ago the cat was a domestic animal.

Signs of Intellect.
"What's the reason you're so careless in dress of late, and why do you never wear your hair in that pretty style I used to admire?" asked the husband who likes to spend his evenings at home.
"I am preparing a lecture," replied the wife, "on 'The Dawn of Aesthetic Life.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Two Men.

Paterfamilias (furiously)—You scoundrel; why did you elope with my daughter?

New Son-in-Law.—To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding.

Paterfamilias (beaming)—Thank Heaven, my daughter got a sensible husband, anyhow.—N. Y. Weekly.

Next Thing to It.

He—Oh, by the way, the doctor advised me to eat a water cracker before going to bed; said it would prevent my insomnia. Are there any in the house?

She—The only thing in the house approaching a water cracker is the ice-pick.—Indianapolis Journal.

Wifely.

If costly gowns and bonnets please

Engage my wife's desirous eye,

She ne'er solicits my advice,

Nor takes me out with her to buy.

But when an inexpensive hat,

Or frugal suit, I need to don,

She goes with me, to make sure that

It shall not be imposed upon!

—Harlem Life.

Their Names.

Col. Corkright—What do you call that span of mules you traded for the other day, Uncle Slewfoot?

Uncle Slewfoot—Sin an' Misery, sah.

It's a sin to whip 'em all de time, an' it's a misery to drive 'em widout, sah.—Judge.

The Lovely Shirt Waist.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare

To chide me for loving that shirt waist

there?

</